Chang, come here! How often must I tell you not to speak to common mongrels?
Blistering barnacles! What a daft idea, giving a name like that to a dog!
Not really: it's a pekingese, it's quite reasonable.
Look here, Tintin... If your friend Chang was still alive, then the rescue party would have found him.
Possibly...
A common mongrel! Me!!
Possibly!... Possibly!... All right, let's suppose that he is still alive.!...
CHANG
?
!
Do you really have to sneeze like that?
Excuse me, sir, but I'd got a terrible cold in my nose...
Two days later, at New Delhi...
All right, be obstinate! Go to Nepal, go to Timbuctoo, go to Vladivostok for all I care! But you'll be on your own, remember, I'm not coming, and that's flat! And when I say no, I mean no!

THE WATCHMAN

Episode 2:

A Handful of Jokers

Chapter 1: A Change in Watch

The city never stopped when Commissioner Gordon resigned.

Gotham never does.

The trains still roared through iron tracks.
Neon lights still flickered against rain-soaked streets.
Men still lied.
Women still waited.
And somewhere in the noise… something in people continued to bend.

But one thing had changed.

Commissioner James Gordon was no longer part

of the chaos

He now left the Gotham City Police Department without ceremony.

No speech.
No crowd.
No applause.

Just a rusty badge placed on a desk…
and the quiet understanding that whatever he had been chasing

Was never gonna end

But Gordon now

Has a different approach

A man who walked without rank.
A man who listened without asking.
A man who appeared only when something felt…
wrong.

Some called him foolish.

Others—

said nothing at all.

In a quieter part of the city,

beyond the louder districts and the polished
streets,
there was a neighborhood most preferred not to
name.

Arkham.

Not the institution.

The place around it.

Where buildings leaned slightly inward,
as if listening to one another.

Where windows stayed lit longer than they should.

Where people spoke in lowered voices, even when alone.

It was there that Gordon settled.

A modest apartment.

Second floor.

Corner unit.

Nothing remarkable from the outside.

Inside—

it had begun to change.

The furniture was sparse.

A desk.
A chair.
A lamp that hummed faintly when switched on.

But the walls…

The walls had started to gather things.

Notes.
Clippings.

Observations written in quiet, deliberate lines.

Not names.

Not charges.

Patterns of the human heart

He did not call it an office.

But people had begun to find it.

And when they did—

they did not knock like clients.

They knocked like something in them had already decided
there was nowhere else to go.

THE WATCHMAN

Nomad detective of Gotham City

Getting to the roots and reasons

Of Gotham’ biggest crime the world has ever seen

The Criminal minds

But…….

Across the city, in brighter halls and cleaner rooms—

another man stepped forward in GCPD

Sherlock Holmes.

Where Gordon had left silence

Holmes filled it with certainty.

His arrival at GCPD was rather…… splendid ?

It was celebrated.

Cases closed faster than before.
Reports sharpened.

The department found its rhythm again.

With the man who made Gotham feel comfortable in its corruption

Or so it seemed.

The newspapers followed closely.

The Daily Planet printed his name in bold columns.

"Holmes Restores Order to Gotham's Failing System"

"A Mind Like No Other"

"Gotham City's New Guardian of Truth"

The city, eager for stability, believed it.

It always does.

But Holmes never looked back.

Not at the wrinkles of who sat in his chair

Not at the man who had left.

Not at the silence that followed him.

But Gordon…

The Watchman…….

sat in that quiet apartment.

With the newspaper in his hands

And a burning desire to make a change

He bangs his fist to his desk in frustration

“BULLOCKS” The Watchman yelled

Then rain tapped against the window in uneven rhythm.

The lamp cast a low circle of light across the desk.

He leaned back.

Still.

Listening.

For the first time since leaving the department—

something in him shifted.

Not doubt.

Not regret.

Recognition.

The Watchman needed another set of eyes.

A partner

Not someone to agree with him.

Not someone to follow him.

Someone to **see**.

Some one to question

Gordon reached for his coat.

And packed his briefcase

It was time

To find

The Robin to his Batman

The Watchman’s Partner

Chapter 2: A Walk through Gotham

The streets bustled with traffic

sirens blaring from afar

commuters honking through the city

and noir citizens of Gotham

rushing past to their next station

Gotham : The City that Never Sleeps

The Watchman grew tired of it

the Noise was unbearable

The more he was alone

the more loud it got

The longer he stood still

the louder it becomes.

Not outside.

Inside.

A thin ringing creeps in.

Faint at first.

Then sharper.

EEEEEEEE—

It cuts through everything.

Voices blur.
Footsteps dissolve.
The city loses shape.

The Watchman pressed forward.

Faster now.

Running

escaping.

Past a bookstore window.

Pages stacked in neat silence.

Past a coffee shop

light spilling onto the street.

Warm.

Still.

He stops.

The noise doesn’t.

But it softens.

Just enough.

INT. COFFEE SHOP – CONTINUOUS

The door shuts behind him.

The city dulls.

A cup is placed in front of him.

He doesn’t remember ordering it.

Doesn’t matter.

The table is small.

Wood worn smooth by time.

Something sits on it.

A newspaper.

Edges curled.

Ink slightly bled from the rain.

The title smudged—

but still legible.

DAILY BUGLE — ISSUE #1

“City’s Greatest… Sinister Six Rise”

The Watchman doesn’t react.

He studies it.

Not the headline.

The weight of it.

The way it’s been handled.

Folded. Unfolded.

Pressed down.

Someone read this.

More than once.

He reaches for it.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Because the city doesn’t just speak in noise.

Sometimes

it leaves a few things behind.

Worth something

in the midst of hell fire

The Watchman opens the paper.

And begins to read.

THE PAPER (CONTINUED)

The ink is loud.

Even when it’s quiet.

“GOTHAM CITY’S GREATEST… SINISTER SIX RISE”

LEXCORP EXPANDS GLOBAL NETWORK

Expansion.

Not growth.

Reaching further than it needs to.

Control… disguised as progress.

(Flips page)

STARK INDUSTRIES PUSHES NEW FRONTIER

Innovation.

Relentless.

Not asking *if* it should…

only *how far* it can go.

(Flips page)

PENGUIN HOSTS GOTHAM ELITE FASHION EVENT

Culture.

Curated.

Shaped from the top down.

influence

ownership.

(flips page)

OSBORN NETWORK GOES VIRAL

Connection.

Everywhere.

Digital

Yet No silence left.

No space to think.

(Flips page)

The Watchman’s grip tightens on the paper.

Different names.

Different methods.

Same direction.

Gotham City above builds—

The city below bends—

This isn’t crime…….

This is—

“Hey—Mr. Gordon?”

The thought breaks.

Clean.

He lowers the paper.

Across from him

a man stands.

Mid-40s.

Weathered, but not worn.

FRIEND

Hey, Mr. Gordon… how ya doing?

Didn’t expect to see you here.

WATCHMAN

…Been a while.

The man chuckles lightly.

Pulls out the chair across from him without asking.

FRIEND

Yeah… you could say that again

(looks him over)

What’s with the hat?

(pause)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

what’s the matter

You hiding now?

The question lingers.

Not aggressive.

But not empty either.

The Watchman adjusts slightly in his seat.

Not defensive.

Measured.

WATCHMAN

Not hiding…. just

Just… looking differently.

The man nods.

Doesn’t fully understand.

But doesn’t push it.

A soft scratching sound interrupts the moment.

From below the table.

A dog noses forward.

Curious.

Calm.

Brown fur.

Steady eyes.

No urgency in him.

The Watchman looks down.

The dog looks back.

No fear.

No confusion.

Just… presence.

FRIEND

Oh—yeah.

(gestures down)

That’s Scooby.

He leans back

WATCHMAN

…He’s quiet.

FRIEND

Yeah.

(half-smile)

Better than most people.

The Watchman watches the dog a moment longer.

Still.

Unmoved.

Then—

his eyes lift.

Back to the man.

The space between them settles.

Not awkward.

Just… waiting.

The friend exhales.

Shifts in his seat.

He’s had enough of it.

FRIEND

Alright…

(leans forward)

Cut it out.

The Watchman doesn’t react.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

You don’t just disappear…

walk back into the city like this…

and sit here like nothing happened.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

I knew you, Gordon.

That name lands differently.

Not Commissioner.

Not Watchman.

Just—

Gordon.

The Watchman doesn’t correct him.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

You were the guy who ran *towards* the Chaos

Not away from it.

You were the guy who fought Joker and the rest

of those freaks who run Gotham City

FRIEND (CONT'D)

So what is this now huh?

(gestures to him)

Hat. Coat. Silence.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

You trying to disappear…

or trying to see something the rest of us don't?

The Watchman leans back slightly.

WATCHMAN

…The noise never stopped, what was I supposed to do?

The friend waits.

WATCHMAN (CONT’D)

I just stopped pretending I could control it.

FRIEND

Yeah…

(quiet)

That sounds like you.

He rubs his hands together.

Looks down.

Then back up.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Look…

I didn’t just come over to say hi.

The Watchman already knows.

But he lets him say it.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

I got someone.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

An old friend of mine.

Good guy.

Scooby shifts slightly under the table.

Ears twitch.

The Watchman notices.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Or… he *was*.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Something’s off with him.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

He’s been running with people lately.

Wrong people.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Laughing a lil bit too much.

Talking… strange.

The Watchman’s fingers tighten slightly on the table.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Like everything’s a joke.

when it’s not.

Scooby lets out a low, quiet breath.

The Watchman looks down at him again.

Then back up.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

I tried talking to him.

Didn’t land.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

It’s like he’s already somewhere else.

In his own little world like a kid in a twisted chocolate factory

---

The Watchman’s eyes shift.

Not to the man.

To the newspaper.

Still open.

The headlines.

The patterns.

Then back.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

I figured…

If anyone could… reach him

It’s you

I need your help

Silence fills the space again.

The Watchman leans forward.

WATCHMAN

Where is he?

The friend exhales.

Relief—mixed with worry.

Scooby lifts his head.

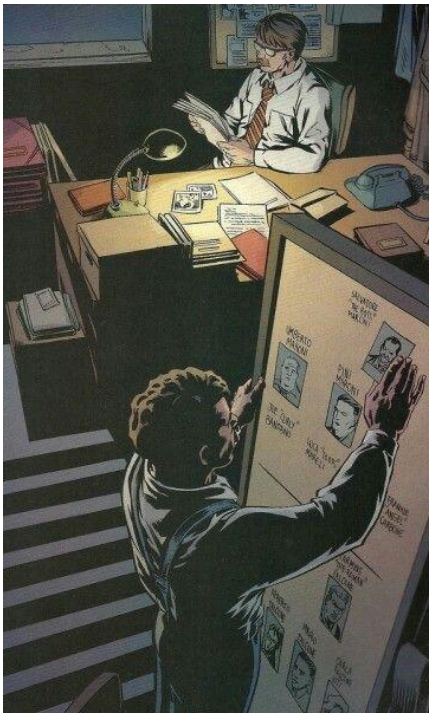
Still calm.

Still watching.

And for the first time

A new case begins…….

Chapter 3: A Joker Card



INT. WATCHMAN'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

The door shuts behind them.

The city doesn't follow.

Not fully.

Only a faint echo remains—

distant sirens.

Muffled.

Unimportant.

Firelight flickers.

Scooby rests near the hearth.

The Watchman sits across from him.

Still.

FRIEND

Her name’s Penny.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

We were together.

Not… perfect.

But real.

The Watchman watches.

Says nothing.

WATCHMAN

What was she like?

FRIEND

Quiet.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Didn’t need attention.

Didn’t need to prove anything to anyone.

Scooby shifts.

The fire cracks softly.

WATCHMAN

And now?

The friend exhales.

Leans forward.

FRIEND

Now it’s the opposite.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Everything’s loud.

Everything’s a performance.

WATCHMAN

Laughter?

The friend nods.

FRIEND

All the time.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Doesn’t matter what it is.

He looks down.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Even when it’s not funny……

The Watchman leans back slightly.

WATCHMAN

When did this start?

FRIEND

After we broke up.

WATCHMAN

Who left?

The friend hesitates.

FRIEND

…I did.

Silence.

The Watchman nods once.

Noted.

WATCHMAN

What changed next?

FRIEND

She got busy.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

New people

New habits.

He gestures loosely.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Drinking.

Smoking.

Late nights

WATCHMAN

Work?

The friend lets out a dry laugh.

FRIEND

Yeah.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT'D)

That's the part that gets me that's… off.

The Watchman’s eyes narrow slightly.

WATCHMAN

Explain.

The friend leans forward.

More serious now.

FRIEND

She says it’s business.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Big money.

Big people.

He shakes his head.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

But I’ve seen that world a million times

FRIEND (CONT’D)

that aint no business to me

WATCHMAN

Who is she around?

FRIEND

Black Mask.

The fire shifts.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

His people.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

That whole…

“Wolf of Wall Street” type circle.

He gestures vaguely.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Money. Power. Image.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

No brakes.

The Watchman’s gaze drops for a moment.

Processing.

WATCHMAN

How do you know? you sure you ain’t just some jealous freak stalking her 24/7

FRIEND

no trust me I saw it.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Receipt.

Contacts.

Mentions.

He leans in.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

And her posts.

The Watchman looks up.

WATCHMAN

Posts?

The friend nods.

Almost frustrated.

FRIEND

LinkedIn.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

She’s all over it now.

He shakes his head.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Talking like she’s someone else.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Like she’s already made it.

WATCHMAN

Did you reach out?

The friend exhales.

FRIEND

Yeah.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

I told her to stop.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Told her she doesn’t belong in that world.

He looks away.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

She laughed.

Silence.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Didn’t even take it seriously.

Scooby lifts his head slightly.

The Watchman watches the reaction.

Not the words.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

don’t get me wrong, i love her to death

she is everything to me

i can’t imagine life without her

and seeing her laughing around those bullies

those punks

who run Gotham’s machine high up

it pisses me off

WATCHMAN

What did that laugh sound like?

The friend freezes.

FRIEND

…Different.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Mockery……

from that moment I didn't see her anymore

all i saw was Joker…..

That lands.

The Watchman leans forward.

Now it’s clear.

FRIEND

Look…

FRIEND (CONT’D)

I don’t think she knows what she’s walking into.

His voice lowers.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

That world

it eats people.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

And she’s too… open.

Silence fills the room.

The fire flickers.

Scooby stands slowly.

The Watchman watches both of them.

Then—

FRIEND (CONT’D)

I need you to stop her.

before it’s too late

Joker, Two Face, Black Mask

i think they’re onto something

up to no good

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Or can you at least…

tell me what’s really going on.

The Watchman doesn’t answer immediately.

He looks at the fire.

Then back at him.

Still.

WATCHMAN

She’s not trying to become something.

WATCHMAN (CONT’D)

She’s trying to escape something.

Scooby looks between them.

The Watchman stands.

Decision made.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

What do you need?

FRIEND

I need you to look into something.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

There's a run.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Black Mask…

Two-Face…

The names sit heavy in the room.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

They’ve been moving something out by the edge of Gotham.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Ace Chemicals.

The fire cracks.

The Watchman’s eyes shift.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

It’s not just business.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

They’re building something.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

A weapon.

Silence.

Scooby looks up.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Penny’s there.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Not running it—

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Just… close enough.

His voice tightens.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Assistant.

Errands.

Whatever they tell her to do.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

but I don’t think she knows what they’re really up to.

The Watchman studies him.

Not the fear—

The certainty

FRIEND (CONT’D)

And if she stays there long enough…

He doesn’t finish it.

The Watchman steps closer

FRIEND (CONT’D)

I need you to find Black Mask.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

And take him down.

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Before she gets pulled into something

she can’t come back from.

The Watchman turns slightly.

Looks toward the window.

Gotham breathes in the distance.l

He adjusts his coat.

WATCHMAN

No, We don’t take him down first.

The friend blinks.

Thrown off

WATCHMAN (CONT’D)

We find her.

WATCHMAN (CONT’D)

Before he corrupts her for good….

Scooby steps forward.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

I guess we're off to a adventure huh?

just like good old times shaggy

The friend smiles.

Shaggy lifts his eyes

Scooby steps forward.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

Oh and Scooby? You're comin wit me

The Watchman reaches for the door.

The case has direction now.

And for the first time

it has a clock.

Chapter 4: Investigation

INT. GOTHAM CITY — DAY

EXT. GOTHAM — INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT — DAYTIME

The Sun slicks the pavement.

But the city is quiet

Closed for the holiday

Neon flickers in broken rhythms.

Distant machinery by the docks

Humming pretending to be something alive

The Watchman stands still in the shadows of Red hook

Across the street

a warehouse.

Unmarked.

But not unnoticed.

Black cars pull up

One after another.

No headlights.

No noise.

Figures step out.

Coats.

Masks.

Silhouettes.

The friend crouches beside him.

Nervous.

Breathing too loud.

SHAGGY (whispering)

…that’s him.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

There he is.

The Watchman doesn't move.

His eyes track everything.

Not just Black Mask—

The entrances.

The exits.

The guards.

The rhythm.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

Shhh—

(urgent whisper)

Get down.

The Watchman slowly lowers.

Not out of fear.

Out of precision.

Scooby follows.

Silent.

Across the street—

a figure steps forward.

Black suit.

Polished shoes.

A mask that doesn’t hide—

it announces.

BLACK MASK.

Men gather around him.

Listening.

Nodding.

A crate is rolled out.

Heavy.

Metal corners.

Locked.

Two men struggle to push it.

The Watchman leans slightly.

Eyes narrowing.

WATCHMAN (low)

Not now.

SHAGGY

What?

WATCHMAN

Too careful.

(beat)

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

Too guarded.

The crate is loaded into a truck.

Another car pulls up.

Different energy.

Sharper.

A man steps out.

Half-lit.

Half-shadowed.

Even from here—

something is off.

SHAGGY (whisper)

…that him?

The Watchman doesn’t answer.

He watches the man flip something in his hand.

A coin.

It catches the light—

then disappears.

WATCHMAN (quiet)

Two-Face.

The friend swallows.

SHAGGY

This is bad… This is Reallly Bad….

Scooby shifts slightly.

Ears alert.

Then—

another figure.

Walking between them.

Not commanding.

Not leading.

Moving.

Fast.

Purposeful.

Carrying papers.

Checking things.

Avoiding eye contact.

The Watchman’s eyes lock.

WATCHMAN (soft)

…there.

SHAGGY

Where?

The Watchman doesn’t point.

He just watches.

WATCHMAN

She’s there moving behind em

Shaggy leans forward.

Trying to see.

And then—

he freezes.

SHAGGY (whisper)

…Penny.

She passes under a flickering light.

Her face burdened with eye bags

Same smile they told her to keep.

Beautiful yet,

Focused.

Detached

Part of it now.

Shaggy clenches his fist.

SHAGGY

That’s not the Penny I know

The Watchman doesn’t respond.

Because it is.

And it isn’t.

A man bumps into her.

Hard.

Papers fall.

She kneels to grab them—

And for a split second—

She smiles.

Too wide.

Too quick.

Then it’s gone.

The Watchman sees it.

That’s all he needs.

WATCHMAN

We don’t go in yet.

SHAGGY

What? Why not—

WATCHMAN

She’s still on the edge.

WATCHMAN (CONT’D)

Not fully in.

Shaggy looks at him.

Confused. Frustrated.

SHAGGY

So what do we do?

The Watchman watches the trucks pull out.

The operation moves.

Like clockwork.

WATCHMAN

We follow the run.

Scooby stands.

Ready.

The Watchman steps back into shadow.

Eyes still on Penny.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

Because whatever they're building…

(beat)

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

That's where they'll break her.

The truck engine roars.

And the hunt begins.

CHAPTER 5 — FOLLOW THE RUN

EXT. GOTHAM — INDUSTRIAL HIGHWAY — NIGHT

The truck pulls out.

Slow.

Heavy.

Headlights off.

Only the glow of the city behind it.

The Watchman steps from the shadows.

Scooby at his side.

Shaggy hesitates.

SHAGGY (low)
We’re really doing this…

The Watchman doesn’t answer.

He’s already moving.

They slip into the street.

Keep distance.

Tracking.

The truck turns.

Out of the crowded district—

into something quieter.

Colder.

Factories replace buildings.

Steel replaces glass.

The city thins.

The noise fades.

But something else replaces it.

A low hum.

Constant.

The Watchman slows.

WATCHMAN

Hear that?

The friend listens.

FRIEND

…Yeah.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

What is that?

The Watchman doesn’t answer.

Because he already knows.

The truck passes through a rusted gate.

A sign hangs crooked.

ACE CHEMICALS.

The gate closes behind it.

Locked.

Silent.

The Watchman stops.

Studies the perimeter.

Not just the gate—

The fences.

The blind spots.

The rhythm of the guards.

Scooby sniffs the air.

Ears alert.

SHAGGY (whisper)

So… what now?

The Watchman crouches.

Touches the ground.

Wet.

Cold.

Tire tracks.

Fresh

WATCHMAN

They’ve been doing this more than once.

He stands and looks at serum spillage on the ground

WATCHMAN

They’ve been making Nano tech here

let’s go

He moves along the fence.

Not rushing.

Looking for something—

There—

A section of fence slightly bent.

Used.

Often.

The Watchman stops.

Scooby looks up at him.

WATCHMAN

Stay quiet.

The friend nods.

Nervous now.

They slip through.

Inside—

Everything changes.

The air is different.

Thick.

Chemical.

The hum is louder here.

Machines breathe.

Pipes rattle.

Fluids move through unseen lines.

Lights flicker overhead.

The Watchman moves along the shadows.

Careful.

Measured.

The friend follows—

barely holding it together.

Scooby?

Silent.

They reach a vantage point.

Overlooking the main floor.

Below—

The crate is opened.

Men step back.

Careful.

Respectful.

Not like money.

Like something dangerous.

Inside—

Glass containers.

Liquid inside them.

Moving.

Not still.

The Watchman’s eyes narrow.

WATCHMAN (low)

Nano Tech

Shaggy leans in.

SHAGGY

What now? where is she

The Watchman doesn’t answer immediately.

Because he’s watching something else.

Across the floor—

Penny.

Standing near a table.

Listening.

Watching.

Trying to belong.

A man hands her something.

A file.

She takes it.

Hands slightly shaking—

but she hides it.

Then—

She laughs.

Quick.

Too quick.

The Watchman sees it again.

That same smile.

That same shift.

And now—

He understands.

WATCHMAN

It’s not just what they’re building.

(beat)

WATCHMAN (CONT’D)

It’s what they’re turning normal people into.

Henchman of Gotham

Shaggy looks at him—

confused.

Below—

Two-Face flips his coin.

Black Mask watches everything.

And Penny stands—

Right in the middle of it.

Not captured.

Not forced.

Becoming.

The Watchman steps back into shadow.

Decision forming.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

We don't stop the shipment.

The friend snaps back.

SHAGGY

What?!

WATCHMAN

Not at all

(beat)

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

We pull her out first.

Scooby stands.

Ready.

The Watchman looks down one last time.

At Penny.

At the world she’s stepping into.

WATCHMAN (CONT’D)

Before she stops needing to leave.

The machines roar.

And the night deepens.

CHAPTER 6 — THE EDGE OF LAUGHTER

INT. ACE CHEMICALS — LOWER LAB — NIGHT

The hum is louder down here.

Almost… alive.

Fluorescent lights flicker overhead.

Half the room in shadow.

A single operating table sits in the center.

A man lies strapped down.

Awake.

Breathing fast.

Fear in his eyes.

Beside him—

Penny.

Lab coat.

Hands trembling

but controlled.

A syringe rests in her hand.

Filled with something thick.

Unnatural.

She stares at it.

The patient struggles lightly against the restraints.

Penny stands over him.

Then—

---

she sighs.

PENNY

You know what’s funny?

(beat)

She taps the syringe lightly.

PENNY (CONT'D)

They always say this part is the worst.

She smiles.

Too wide.

PENNY (CONT'D)

But honestly?

(leans closer to the patient)

PENNY (CONT'D)

It's the quiet that gets you.

The patient trembles.

Footsteps.

She freezes.

Slowly turns.

The Watchman.

Shaggy

Scooby low behind them.

Silence.

Then—

---

she smiles.

Recognizes him.

And laughs.

PENNY

…Wow.

(beat)

PENNY (CONT'D)

Look who finally texted back.

Shaggy stops cold.

SHAGGY

Penny, my lo-

She cuts him off.

PENNY

No, no—don't ruin it.

(gestures around)

PENNY (CONT'D)

This is actually perfect timing.

She lifts the syringe slightly.

PENNY (CONT'D)

You get front row seats.

PENNY (CONT'D)

like You always did

watching me from a distance.

That hits.

The Watchman watches—

not her words—

her aim.

WATCHMAN

Put it down.

She glances at him.

PENNY

Ohhh—

(tilts her head)

PENNY (CONT'D)

So You brought a supervisor?

She circles slightly.

Loose.

Unpredictable.

PENNY (CONT'D)

What is this—therapy night?

Shaggy steps forward.

FRIEND

Penny, listen—

She laughs again.

Short.

Sharp.

PENNY

No! you listen.

(beat)

PENNY (CONT'D)

You disappeared!

Her voice drops.

PENNY (CONT'D)

No call.

No message.

(beat)

PENNY (CONT'D)

Not even a "happy birthday."

and now you come back like you own me?!

Silence.

The friend swallows.

SHAGGY

I thought—

PENNY

Yeah.

(beat)

PENNY (CONT'D)

You thought.

She gestures with the syringe.

PENNY (CONT'D)

You're really good at that.

(beat)

PENNY (CONT'D)

Thinking so deeply from a distance.

The Watchman steps slightly to the side.

Giving space.

Letting it happen.

SHAGGY

I had to let you go,

and watch

That lands.

Even she didn’t expect that.

SHAGGY (CONT’D)

Not because I didn’t care—

(beat)

SHAGGY (CONT’D)

Because I did.

I can’t control you

Her smile falters.

Just a little.

SHAGGY (CONT’D)

You needed to find yourself.

(beat)

FRIEND (CONT’D)

Without me getting in the way.

Silence.

Then—

---

she laughs again.

But it’s weaker.

PENNY

Oh that’s good.

(beat)

PENNY (CONT’D)

That’s really good.

She claps slowly.

PENNY (CONT’D)

So all that silence—

(beat)

PENNY (CONT’D)

That was love?

Her voice cracks slightly.

PENNY (CONT'D)

All those days I sat there wondering if I mattered—

When you YELLED Crazy Texts

Ran like a COWARD

and make me seem like i'm crazy??

PENNY (CONT'D)

That was you "helping" right?

The syringe shakes now.

The Watchman sees it.

This is the moment.

WATCHMAN

Look… You filled the silence.

She turns to him.

Sharp.

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

With noise.

(beat)

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

With people who clap when you perform—

(beat)

WATCHMAN (CONT'D)

But disappear when you stop.

That hits deeper.

Her breathing shifts.

PENNY

At least they show up.

(beat)

PENNY (CONT'D)

At least they see me.

At least they show care

Unlike someone….

Shaggy steps closer.

SHAGGY

Penny, my love

I see you always

i’ve always seen you

(beat)

SHAGGY (CONT’D)

I just couldn't stay.

or else you would’ve never grown

Silence.

The gun—

she grabs it suddenly.

Points it at the patient.

PENNY

Then don’t move.

Everything freezes.

Scooby tenses.

PENNY (CONT’D)

Both of you.

Her eyes dart between them.

Not confident anymore.

Panicking.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Because if you try to "save me"—

(beat)

PENNY (CONT'D)

I swear I'll ruin this whole thing.

The Watchman doesn't move.

WATCHMAN

You're not gonna want to hurt him, are you?

PENNY

(Scoffs) No??

(beat)

PENNY (CONT'D)

Then why am I still holding the gun?

The Gun clicks.

Loaded

Shaggy Steps closer.

Careful.

SHAGGY

Because you're scared.

That lands.

Hard.

Her grip weakens—

just slightly.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

i know how you feel, my love

the pressure

the weight

we were forced to be people we never were in the first place

(beat)

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

Are you afraid….

Of being alone again.

The gun shakes.

Her breathing breaks.

The laugh tries to come—

But it doesn't.

For the first time—

---

she’s quiet.

PENNY (soft)

…I was alone……

(beat)

PENNY (CONT’D)

You just didn’t see it.

you never saw any of my pain

why do you choose to come now?

Shaggy steps closer.

No hesitation now.

SHAGGY

It’s okay

I see you now.

(beat)

SHAGGY (CONT’D)

And I’m never walking away again.

Let go, my love, Let Go

I love you, and i will always love you

Silence.

The gun drops.

CLATTER

The syringe slips from her hand.

She collapses.

Not laughing.

Not performing.

Just… breaking.

Scooby runs up to her and hugs

no hesitation—

He wraps his arms around her head

Gentle.

Grounding.

Penny clutches him.

And the tears come.

A flood.

Everything she held back,

for years

---

released all at once.

The room softens.

The Watchman steps forward silently

Not to fix—

Just to witness.

and the moment stands still.